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DESPERATE SITUATION OF THE TAMMANY TIGER.
His Oldest and Most Faithful Ally Deserts Him.



PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, October 29th, 1890. — No. 712.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

EVERY MAN who is dissatisfied with the present state of things in politics, municipal, state or local, who does not cast his vote in favor of a change, at this next election, either has no vote to cast, or is a man who has forfeited every right to express an opinion upon public affairs. For the man who is not satisfied, there are no two ways at this election. There can be no room for doubt as to his choice, and there can be no chance of error as to his duty. If he does not make his choice and do his duty on this occasion, his friends who have made their choice and done their duty ought not to let him open his mouth to talk about political matters until he has had an opportunity to redeem himself and has improved that opportunity.

Let us suppose that we are considering the case of a citizen of New York. He ought not to be in doubt as to what duty lies before him if he is tired of Tammany rule. There is but one other candidate in the field, and that candidate stands unimpeached as to honesty, ability and sincerity of purpose. He is the candidate of the best of the Democrats, and of all the Republicans and Independents. He has been in public life, and has done what he had to do well and faithfully. The case is exceptional. Here we have a candidate against whom his bitterest foes bring no accusation. They oppose him because he is the candidate of the County Democrats, the Republicans and the Independents — these last being better known (and better hated,) by Tammany politicians as the "Mugwumps."



IN THE LURAY CAVERNS.

THE GUIDE. — This is the Giants' Chamber.

MR. SHORTSTOPPLE. — You ought to see their quarters up at the Polo Grounds in New York!

It seems clear that the citizen of New York who wants to see his city governed by better men than Richard Croker and Bourke Cockran has one thing to do and one only — to vote for Francis M. Scott. If he fails in this duty, be he Republican, Democrat or Independent, he has no right to say a word again in criticism of anything that is done or left undone by our municipal government.

His duty lies the more clearly before him that this is his first year of voting under the new ballot-reform law. It would be foolish to say that this law insures a perfectly fair and honest ballot. It would be equally foolish to say that because it is, as a law, imperfect and inadequate in certain points, it is not an improvement on the old system — which was no system at all, but a most unsystematic and unreasonable way of doing things. And were the Saxton law far more imperfect than it is, it would be a citizen's duty to do his best to make it as useful as it can be made. It is perhaps only the first step toward a real reform in our scheme of voting; but it is that first step that costs much and pays more. If we look for a pure and honest ballot, this November, we shall be disappointed. But if we can be content with breaking down a bad precedent and starting fairly on the road to a practical reform, we have reason, indeed, to be well content.

But the citizen has duties not only to his city, to his state, and to the abstract principle of a free ballot and a fair count. His duty is to do what in him lies to see that the national government is a good government, not for his state only, but for all the states. If he is satisfied to take the government as it is, and with all it implies — with President Harrison, gift-taker, traitor to his pledges, ridiculous, small and mean; with Speaker Reed, brutally denying every legislative right; with Representative McKinley, who has burdened the country with a tariff that means high prices and hard living to every poor man and even to every poor man of moderate means; with Senator Quay, embezzler and thief, silent and bare-faced in his shame and disgrace; with John Wanamaker, a ninety-nine-cent absurdity from Philadelphia, playing at being Postmaster-General, by grace of the \$400,000 he collected to buy votes for Mr. Harrison; with the whole lot of unscrupulous and unpatriotic politicians who are willing to buy their offices at any cost to the country, and who are spending more of the public moneys to debauch the veterans of the late war with extravagant pension money than it costs the whole empire of Germany to maintain its mighty standing army — if he is satisfied with this sort of government — well and good. Nothing that we can say will touch him.

But if he has any more decent notion of what a government should be, he ought not to doubt that his duty as a citizen is to go to the polls on election-day, and to vote for the candidates who will give his own city the best government, irrespective of political considerations; and for the candidates who will give the nation a better government than the Republicans are giving it now or are ever likely to give it.

Our last-page cartoon needs some explanation. It is generally known, we believe, that Mr. Ward McAllister is the leader of New York society, and that he has published a book about New York Society. It is also known that Mr. McAllister is the social censor who limited the "fashionables" of New York to a pitiful four hundred, thus cutting down the old record, established by Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, of ten thousand — the "upper ten thousand," or the "upper ten," as people loved to speak of it a generation or two ago. This much is generally known; but it is hardly possible that the book itself will be known to any of the people to whom this number of PUCK may come by the time it gets outside of New York City.

These people will take the quotations on our last page for burlesques. They will not be able to believe that a man who pretends to be — and who, indeed, is a leader of society — could make a boast of dining with the Queen of England's cook, or could record a snub received from General Winfield Scott as though it were an honor. But our quotations are taken, literally and exactly, from Mr. McAllister's book. If they sound hardly less extravagant than the burlesque which we publish on our 151st page, Mr. McAllister is to blame. It is not easy to burlesque him. He is a burlesque in himself. And if Mr. McAllister wants an advertisement for his book, we are happy to be able to give it. It is not PUCK's practice to puff sensational literature, but he has a word to say about Mr. McAllister's book.

Those who have seen and admired Mr. C. J. Taylor's charming collection of sketches entitled "In the Four Hundred and Out" must have thought well of the "400," as a lot of well-dressed and well-mannered people — of shapely, well-dressed men, and graceful, well-dressed women. If they read of the "400" in Mr. McAllister's extraordinary book they will think of them as a set of maniacs hypnotized by a glorified snob.



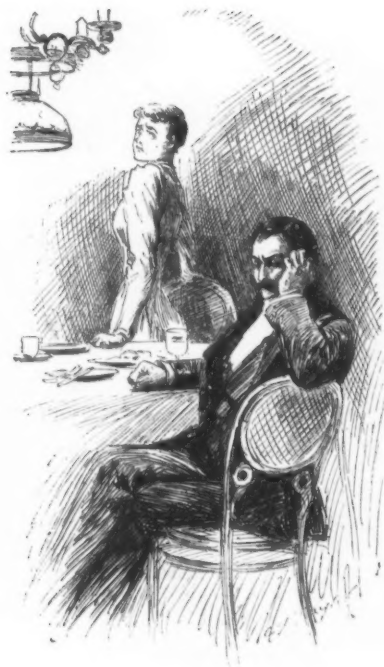
THE DAYS were long, the nights were splendid,
We roamed the woodlands side by side,
When sunset's dream with moonrise blended,
We floated out across the tide.
We sang together, gently keeping
Time to the oars' slow rhythmic sweeping.

We were the only two, that season,
Who came to board. Fate willed it so
For a distinctly special reason,
That later on we learned to know.
And how I prayed that none might find us
Where that sweet solitude enshrined us.

The house was large, the grounds were spacious,
And, she and I, we owned it all—
I reveled in the thought; good gracious!
How I enjoyed the empty hall,
The cozy parlor, bright and lonely,
The dinners served for us—us only!

Ah, Fate life's lesson strangely orders,
For now, in thinking of what was,
I wish there had been other boarders;
Because, alas—ah, yes—because
We've been (to write it makes me wince)
Boarding together ever since!

Madeline S. Bridges.



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS AND THE UNINVITED GUEST.

MRS. AMELIA NULL was a Christian Scientist and a "healer." She touched the intangible and healed a non-existent condition, conceived in the imagination and termed "disease." Amelia had addressed a semi-circle of scientists on phases of the "unconditioned," and had brought herself and hearers to that philosophic state described by Angelina Gushington as "mental mystification," when they thought they understood how matter, time and space are only "indefinable vacuity" and "infinite now." She had said: "We regard faith as a form of doubt arising from our belief in—" when her eloquence was abruptly cut off, her hearers loudly shrieked, and with surprising agility mounted immaterial tables with incorporeal limbs, and boldly brandished brooms and umbrellas, so-called, or, with indefinite aim, flung bags, books and inkstands in the direction of the then prostrate non-entity, Amelia Null.

For the day being warm, the door open, the step low, and the carpet green, there had entered one of those forms of the unconditioned, known in scientific parlance as Capra Hircus. C. Hircus, like uninformed humanity, had delusions regarding matter, its length, breadth and extension, and had precipitated himself at what to him appeared to be the erect and portly form of Amelia, and laid it prone upon the floor.

With many gymnastics and the aid of urchins from the street, the deluded C. Hircus was expelled. Then Amelia was restored to her perpendicular, but she disdained all offers of "treatments" from the "healers," and sought assuagement of her imagined pains in salves and sticking plasters. Therefore, the conclusion of that lecture has not yet been heard.

M. Bourchier.

WE MAY ALL believe in Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, but we want to be even with the folk who are on top.

LOCAL PRIDE.

"Where are all the prominent citizens this morning?" asked a tourist of the landlord of the Oklahoma House.

"I dunno, prezizely," was the reply. "You see, last night, the boys took a hoss thief out to the tree where they allus hang 'em, an' lo an' behold! they foud a new-comer had cut it down. The hoss thief happened to know who done it. They're after him now, the hoss thief leadin' the pursuit. He's got a heap uv local pride, even if he does steal. If they ketch the feller, they'll be apt to string him up an' turn the hoss thief loose. We air a people who like to encourage public spirit."

"TIME IS MONEY."

SCENE.—General S. S. Agency, Broadway; six months hence.

MR. B. Z. NESS.—Book me for the *Plutonic*, to-morrow.

S. S. AGENT.—Well, I can accommodate you on her; but if it's on urgent business, I'd advise you to go by the *City of Hoboken*. She's ten minutes faster!

HAD ONE IN HIS OFFICE.

PHILANTHROPIC OLD LADY.—Dear, dear, John, what do all these girls, who are growing up without any education, not even knowing how to spell correctly, come to be?

JOHN.—Typewriters.

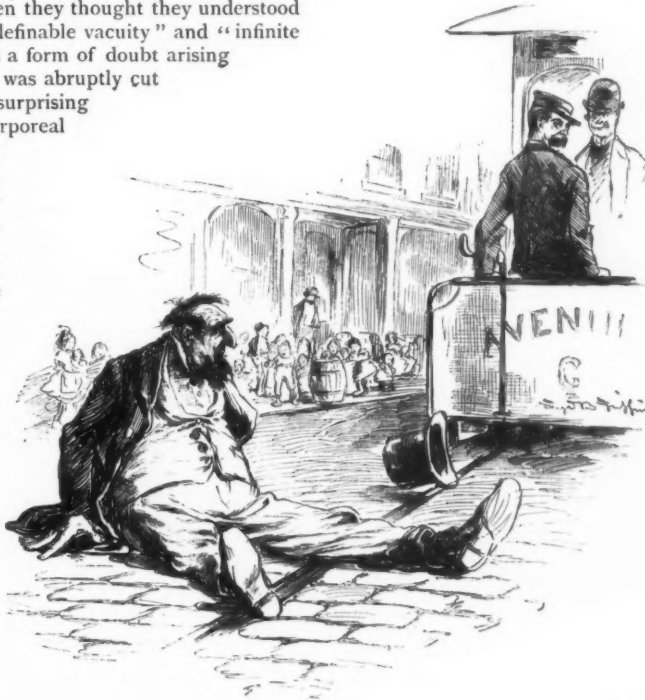
A PLAY ON WORDS—Logomachy.

"AND DID you fall in love with the beautiful botanist?"

"No; I only took a lichen to her."

"CAN YOU get the right pitch on this cornet?"

"Yes; gimme it (*itches it out of the window*). There you are!"



BADLY OFF.

COUNTRYMAN.—Gaul dern yer! Can't you wait till I get off?

CONDUCTOR.—Be Gobbs, if yez ain't off now, yez'll never be off.

THE HORRORS OF HONESTY.



"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!" One might make the quotation complete, and yet it would not be too strong: "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" That is what mortals are. Diogenes sought for an honest man. That showed that he was a fool—the prince of fools. The action is like that of Hahne-mann, who tried to get a case of cholera; it is similar to that of a man who should deliberately lay a scheme to possess himself of a yellow dog. What did Hahne-mann want of a case of cholera? What did Diogenes want of an honest man? To what possible profitable use could he have put an honest man after having secured him? None at all. There is no arguing this matter. It is a fact that there is no profit in an honest man, and the practical sense of the nineteenth century has so decided.

In every advertisement for help, nowadays, there is the tacit condition, "No honest man need apply." This is reasonable; an honest man would do his work so carefully that his employer would be out of pocket. Long ago, Thackeray pointed out the horrors that would ensue if our house-servants were honest. Of course it was only a theory with him, for as yet there had never been any honest servants to base real proof upon; but there is a verisimilitude about Thackeray's conclusions that strikes one as forcibly as any other word in the dictionary. Honesty in any calling whatever, would mean ruin to all concerned. Imagine, for instance, an honest school-teacher. She would, of course, attempt to teach each scholar in her charge each branch set off for her room. The result would be that she would have to keep the pupils so late at night that her breakfast, sent in the next morning, would congeal before she could give it the attention which the laws of health honestly demand. And the letters, that she now steals time to write to her young man during school hours, would be unwritten. Then she would receive no letters in return, and her life would be without form and void. Besides, if she should give the children all the punishment they honestly deserve, not only would the severe violence of the exercise deprive her of seven years' growth, but the rising generation would rise but once more; that would be a convulsive spring into the ambient air, and the vital spark would be extinct.

And these results of honesty in the teacher's profession are no worse than the results that would follow honesty into other professions. An honest barber would have to confess that his hair-restorer is worth only what it will fetch; the honest novelist, that his effects are produced by clap-trap; the base-ball umpire, that his decisions are mere expedients to save his life; the learned literary man would be obliged to own that in reality he knows less of Latin and Greek than the young graduate at whom he sneers; and that his wonderfully intimate acquaintance with the classics consists solely in the memory of a few stock quotations.

Imagine the griefs and disappointments that strict honesty would



NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

MR. DASH (anxiously).—I am afraid your father will catch up with us!"

MISS FLYAWAY.—Catch up with us? Why, he went ahead to have the Minister ready!

introduce into the domestic circle. "Did you mail my letter this morning?" "I can not tell a lie; I did not." "Alice, how did I look at the ball last night?" "You were about the worst-looking joe bunker in the room. If there was ever any thing redder than your insignificant moustache, the medal goes to your enormous hands." "But, how did I look?" "Cross-eyed, giggling, affected and awkward. Your attempts to flirt with young Tracy were ridiculously transparent and openly unsuccessful. Forgive me, love, for having to tell you this."

At present the host says: "Now, Mr. Jackson, I want you to come in to dinner with us. Come right in; I insist on it." And the guest says: "You are very kind, Mr. Bradley; I had half an engagement, but—well, I will come." In a reign of honesty Mr. Bradley, would say: "I had rather be kicked four blocks, but I've got to ask you to dinner. You look



MERE THOUGHTLESSNESS.

"What's the matter with Downs?"

"He drank too much beer to-day."

"Why, I've heard him say he could drink beer all day and think nothing of it."

"Well, he is n't thinking anything of it."

as if you would come without asking." And the guest would say: "I would rather be kicked six blocks than sit down with you and that shrew wife of yours. I had half thought of going to the hotel; but a meal's a meal, and I don't see why I should n't save a dollar. I suppose I'll pay out ten in doctors' bills before I get through with the feed you set up; but lead the way."

It is a certain conclusion of reason that if honesty reigned throughout the earth no business would be done. The philosopher would say: "By setting myself up as a wise man, I am acting a lie; I must seek some other profession." The farmer would upbraid himself: "I pretend to a knowledge of how to wrest the riches of Nature from the earth where she has laid them, and I am a mere tyro." The lawyer would go out and knock down his sign and try to lead a better life; the doctor would stand aghast at his late vain pretences; the grocer would throw sand upon his head; the Western real estate man would wither up like "She;" the pretended connoisseur in wines would start on a pilgrimage to Mecca; the butcher and baker would refuse to continue the practice of their deceits; poor relations would grow disagreeable; young women would not smile when we asked them to dance; they would not pretend to any interest in our poems; while, for our parts, we would not ask them to dance, any how, and we should not simulate any envy of their partners, either in the waltz or in life. Mrs. Smith would not listen for a moment to the tales which Mrs. Jones narrates of her father's ancient splendor; and Mrs. Jones would utterly refuse to exclaim at the reported brilliancies of the young Smiths.

But why continue the endless catalogue? Let us only exclaim: "What a hollow, stupid world this would be if we were not all liars!" and have done.

Williston Fish.



KICK AT THE CENSUS.

To the Editor of PUCK — Dear Sir:

I am an artist, not tonsorial, but a plain ordinary painter of pictures. Some months back, when the Census enumerator was about, I was overlooked, and am not in it. I gave it no attention, as I am not at present, and never have been, counted much.

This A. M. a party entered my studio without knocking. He was not a bad-looking fellow and he wore a better suit than mine. He had a portfolio in his hand. He said: "I am collecting the statistics of manufactures for the eleventh census. Now, do you manufacture anything?" I answered with becoming dignity: "No, sir; I am an artist." "Well," he said, "you manufacture pictures, then?" I answered feebly that I painted pictures. "Oh, well, then I must take you down." He did; I had descended many pegs in a few seconds.

He produced a blank form of seven or eight pages, and informed me I must fill it out and have it ready for him when he called again in three days. Since his departure I have studied the thing, and I fail to see how I can fill the bill.

I have a name that was given to me — some artists make a name themselves — however, such as mine is, I put it in, and one blank space was filled; and there I stuck, and I am still stuck.

I am asked to state the time when this establishment commenced operations. I can't do it. The birth or dawn of my genius has never been recorded. I never had any capital. I always owe for my raw material until it is used up. I can not separate to a certainty my stock in process from the finished product. I have not time to consider the wear and tear of my machinery. The item of "Amount paid for Commissions, and Expenses of Sales' Department," makes me tired to think of. The balance is a mixture of hours of labor, motors, horse-power, etc. Why am I put on in this way? I never did the government any harm; in fact, the boot is on the other leg.

Some years ago I went from a secluded spot in a province of France to a seaport town. I desired to ship some of the finished product of my factory home. I visited the U. S. Consul. He made me out a blank which would enable me to pass my goods into my native country free of duty. I did not hold a watch on him, but three minutes was about the time taken to fill out the papers. I was preparing to thank him, when he sweetly said: "Forty francs, please." He got it; but it necessitated my moving factory and hands to a little cheaper hotel.

Tell me. Am I a manufactory of one Jackass power, or is this Great Republic, artistically speaking, a Jackass Power?

Yours, very respectfully,
J. G. E.

IT WAS A WARM DAY.

MRS. NOUVEAU-MARIÉ (*looking up from the morning paper*).— We are not fashionable, Henry. We should be divorced, or separated; don't you think so?

MR. NOUVEAU-MARIÉ.— Yes, my dear; I will go away.

MRS. NOUVEAU-MARIÉ.— Go away? Oh, how nice! I'll go with you.

A TOTAL FAILURE.

TOTLING.— Hello, Dimling! Where have you been?

DIMLING.— Nutting.

"Get anything?"

"No; nutting."

THE TROUBLE WITH ELASTICITY.

"Our financial system is very elastic," said Kirby Stone, apropos of the recent Treasury purchase of bonds.

"Very," returned Upson Downes, sadly. "I always get stung on the return snap, unfortunately."

MUCH.

"What's in a name?" asked Biggs, the other day, in the course of conversation.

"I guess your wife can tell you," said Boggs.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, everything you've got is in her name, isn't it?"

HARD AND FAST — The Tough.



HEREDITARY NERVE.

OLD CRISP.— Ah, you young rascal, what do you mean by helping yourself to my cigars?

YOUNG CRISP.— I'm curing myself of the cigarette habit, sir!

NO DANGER.

JAMSER.— What are you doing nowadays?

SPACER.— I am writing the lives of great men for a Biographical Dictionary that is being compiled.

JAMSER.— Are n't you afraid to undertake work of that sort?

SPACER.— Oh, no! The men I am writing about are all dead.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

"Plunkitt," said Ducketts, "if you had a million, what would you do?"

"Wish I had another," replied Plunkitt.

OUR COMPLICATED SYSTEM.

LORD NOODLEBY.— But I don't understand it exactly. How can it be that while you are heir-apparent to the Presidency is alive, this Mr. McKee sits upon the throne.

HIS HOST.— There is no heir to the Presidency, my Lord.

LORD NOODLEBY.— Then this Mistah Lincoln in London is an impostah?

TIME FOR THOUGHT.

MINISTER (*to PRISONER*).— Ah, my man! What brought you here?

PRISONER.— Drink.

MINISTER.— Terrible! I wonder what your thoughts are now, in your sober moments?

PRISONER.— Well, I think mostly of what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Gov — Good day!

TOM.— A very true saying, that: "There's nothing new under the sun."

BOB.— Yes; but there's something new over it.

TOM.— Over it? What?

BOB.— The Pulitzer Building.



THE TWELVE LABORS OF HERCULES OUTDONE!

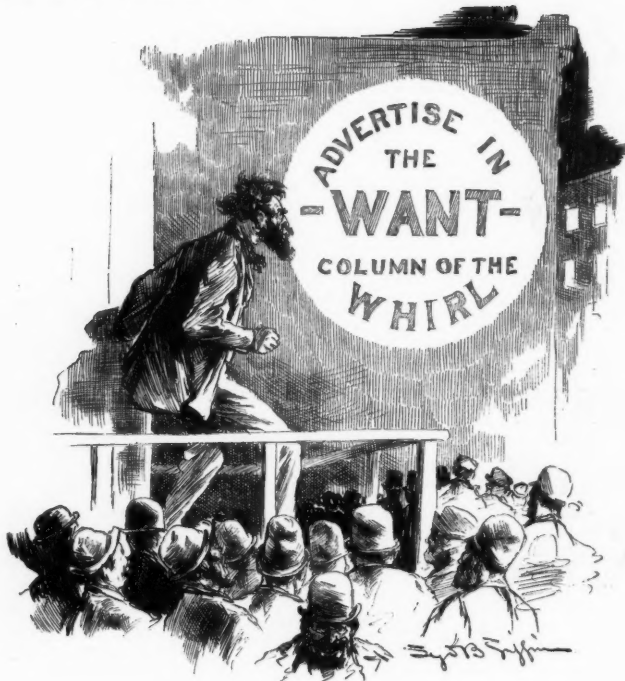
Mr. Howson Lott, of Lonelyville, N. J., accomplishes the astounding feat of finding a servant-girl who is willing to go to the country to stay all Winter.

OIL CALMS the troubled waters. It is n't much used for this purpose in Kentucky, however, where water is seldom troubled.

ON THE SIDE OF LABOR, AS USUAL.



LABOR AGITATOR.—What we want is arbitration! What we want is recognition! What we want is ther sympathy of ther public! Now, how er we goin' ter git ut?



(The STEREOPTICON MAN makes a suggestion.)

MY TYPEWRITER.

WHENE'ER I SEE her pretty face,
Low o'er the key-board bending,
And watch her winning, girlish grace
To this old office lending
A brighter gleam of sun and light,
I can't think, I declare,
That she's the girl with whom I fight
About my work, and swear.
And as I watch her fingers pink
Fast flying o'er the keys,
Half tenderly I sit and think
Of what my fancy sees.
And at the end of every day,
When she, with whom I've battled,
Has gone, to her machine I say:
"No wonder *you* get rattled!"

James G. Burnett.



THE MODERN WAY.

IPSTEIN.—It vos too bad dot Rosenberg should have a fire in his shtore.
MORRIS.—Yes; but really he neetet the inzurance money.

A CLEVER TRICK.

GOTHAMITE.—Just got back from Europe, eh? What in the world induced you to send home those bogus cablegrams, saying that you were dead?

LITERARY MAN.—Well, I had to do something to make the magazines publish the articles they have accepted from me.

NOT QUITE.

WAGGS.—By George, Baggs! You're getting so fat and sleek—you look like a bartender.

BAGGS.—Thanks. I thought you were going to say alderman.

ONE YOUNG MAN with a genius for whistling can own the whole flat that he only hires one room in.

VARIETY IS the spice of lite, but steady plodding is its beef and bread.

WON BY A NECK—Prince Albert Victor's Title of "Collars and Cuffs."

WHILE HENRY GEORGE was in Australia, he had his pocket picked at the railroad station. The sneak thief probably desired to give him a practical lesson to sandwich with some of his theories.

AT THE TOBACCONIST'S.

A ten-cent cigar for a quarter!
I muse, as it meets the flame,
Of Louisville's star-eyed daughter,
And McKinley's deed of shame.



NO NEED TO BE ALARMED.

MR. PINE (of New York).—I feel rather embarrassed, as the subject I am going to speak of is rather delicate.

MISS PORCU (from Chicago).—Oh, don't let that embarrass you! To tell the truth, I am very fond of delicacies.

THE "SMART SET":

OR,
"SASSIETY AS I HAVE FOUND IT."

Their Manners and Habits "Given Away," at \$2.00 a Volume, by Ward McAllister.

How the Members of the Four Hundred Eat, Drink and Live.

New York's Sassiety Idol Unbosoms Himself.

BALL GIVING.

A GREAT MANY LADIES have asked me how it is that the balls given under my supervision are always so successful. My answer to these inquiries is, that I have always paid attention to every detail in my management of these important social functions.

In the first place, I am very particular in the matter of invitations, never asking more than two of the four hundred at a time, and supplementing the guests with a corps of the best detectives that Mr. Byrnes can supply from the Central Office. I am proud to say that at my entertainments life and property

are as well protected as they would have been at Harry Hill's.

Another factor in the success of these balls is the bottle of Old Maryland Rye which is always to be found in the gents' dressing-room. The rye should not be more than twelve years old, though after one o'clock whiskey may be served in a pitcher. It was I who introduced the custom of placing in one corner of the ball-room a ticker giving the latest quotations of the financial standing of the young men and the fathers of the marriageable girls.

IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

My visit to Windsor gave me an insight into the customs of aristocratic English society, for I dined at the village inn with her Majesty's cook and two of the palace footmen, who appeared in gorgeous attire and with their hair beautifully powdered.

Through the kindness of these gentlemen I was smuggled by a back door into her Majesty's kitchen, and thence into the servants' hall, where a distinguished company was assembled, and I was personally introduced to two gentlemen attached to the persons of German Grand Dukes who were at that time guests of the Queen.

In the kitchen I was shown a steel table of ingenious construction for keeping the royal dishes hot. One of the Grand Dukes fainted away on hearing the cost of this table.

RUBBING UP AGAINST ROYALTY.

I was brought into still closer contact with royalty at a ball given in Florence, where I danced with a very charming young American girl. In the midst of the dance, she contrived to tread upon the feet of a German gentleman, and danced on them for fully a minute, bounding gayly from corn to corn.

While I was endeavoring to drag her off, a hand seized my coat-tails, and a stern voice warned me that the German gentleman was the King of Bavaria.

"I did it on purpose," said my companion, archly.

I immediately approached his Majesty and said:

"Pardong, Musseer," thus smoothing over the difficulty.

STEPPING HEAVENWARD.

SPECIMENS FROM THE AUTHOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

1870.

My Dear Mrs. Robinson:

Your invitation sent me last week did not reach me, and I have no doubt that, as you suggest, Brown forgot to deliver it. It is not the first time he has served me in that way. It will give me great pleasure to dine with you to-morrow evening.

With kindest regards, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

April 8th.

Ward McAllister.

My Dear Mrs. Robinson:

I accept with pleasure your kind invitation to dinner on Thursday, the 21st.

January 8th.

1880.

Very sincerely,

Ward McAllister.

1890.

Mr. Ward McAllister regrets that a previous engagement with the Asterbills will prevent his accepting Mr. and Mrs. Robinson's kind invitation to dinner.

October 12th.

TRAINING A TWO-YEAR OLD.

Some years ago a near relative of mine confided to my care his daughter, with the request that I should introduce her to New York society.

"Give her a grand ball at Delmonico's, and draw on me for the funds," he wrote.

I did not, however, obey his instructions—that is to say, the first part of them. I knew that I could lay out the money, with which he supplied me in the most liberal manner, to much better advantage.

I began by taking her to matinées, and introducing her to the most eligible "standees" in the house. Then I bought for her a number of boxes of candy, and took her to walk on upper Broadway or Fifth Avenue nearly every afternoon. During these walks I generally contrived to meet young men of my acquaintance, in an apparently accidental way, (in reality I had them waiting for us on street corners,) and these I would present to her, and soon afterward make a pretext for leaving them together.

In this way she soon found a large and influential circle of desirable and profitable (to me) acquaintances.

When the opera season began, I took her in the mornings to the Metropolitan Opera House, and made her thoroughly familiar with the acoustic properties of the house. After a very few lessons she was able to sit in a parterre box, and converse so as to be heard in the back row of orchestra chairs.

It was at about this period that I induced her to abandon chewing-gum and other provincialisms that smacked rather too broadly of her native Pittsburgh.

By continued lectures on the subject of dress and deportment I fitted her within one year for a preliminary season at Watch Hill, where she succeeded in making a pleasing impression.

Two years later I launched her successfully at Newport, where, during the whole of her first Summer, she averaged two marriage proposals a week.

HOW TO SUP WELL.

In making your way to supper at a ball, keep well in advance of the throng—not an easy feat in itself—and in leaping over articles of furniture, be careful not to strike the chandelier with your head. Punctilious gentlemen of the old school sometimes offer some refreshments to the ladies of their acquaintance—of course, after they have satisfied themselves; but this ceremony is not necessary in New York.

TREATMENT OF FOREIGN ARTISTS.

When you engage a great actor or singer to amuse your guests in the evening, be careful not to ask him to sit in the butler's pantry when not actually employed. These French and Italian artists are quick-tempered, and liable to make a fuss on a very slight provocation.

A GRACEFUL EXIT.

On leaving a party or ball to which you have gone without being asked, always say good night to your hostess, and thank her cordially for the pleasant evening you have enjoyed. Contrive, if possible, to slip one of your cards into the card-receiver, if you can find it.

THE CARD-RECEIVER.

Be sure to keep the card-receiver in good order when guests are expected. It should resemble a tally-ho coach—with all the swells on top.

J. L. Ford.



A WOMAN'S ARGUMENT.

CONDUCTOR.—This is a lead quarter you gave me, Mum!

MRS. BEETE.—I could n't have given it to you, for I am certain I passed it where I bought these shoes."





PUCK.



IF THEY PULL THROUGH.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

AT THE WAX WORKS.



KNOWITT.—I tell you, Gibbs, it's really amusing to hear people talk of the life-like appearance of these images. How persons of apparent intelligence, like that old gentleman there, can enjoy looking at them, is more than I can understand!



(Just then the attendant happened along -- and the band played "Annie Laurie.")

TO TRICOTRIN, "A. B."

EMINENT SIR:

When I recovered from your glowing \$1.37 tribute to my vast ignorance of the college graduate of 1890, my thoughts first turned to the satisfied Pharisee, who thanked the Lord that he was not like other men.

This, dear boy, is not here, but it seems to be somewhere else.

For a man of your head, Tricotrin, I do not deny that there is plenty of room at the top; but what you say of the college graduate is enough to drive a cow to drink.

You ask: "What is the young man doing who has graduated *magna cum laude*?" But when you answer that he is doing the grand tour of Europe at his wealthy Papa's expense, or being pushed into a fat position by his millionaire sire, you are off your base.

Not much, he is n't, Tricotrin. The man who graduates *magna cum laude* is the man who burns tallow candles and sleeps in a box. And the one who is doing Europe with his father's pocket-book, feels lucky if he has got a plain, every-day degree with him — or diploma, as you say in Tufts, dear boy.

Far be it from me, Tricotrin, to belittle the benefits of a college education. I've got my degree, and although it is not richly ornate with trimmings, I would not part with it and all the delightful memories it recalls for all the money you have in your little savings-bank. But when I say that the college-graduate begins at the bottom, I know whereof I speak. And, what is more, I say that it is a pretty poor college education which does not convince him that the bottom is the place to begin if the top is the place to end; and a poorer one still that does not make the climbing the easier.

And, Tricotrin, when you stand behind the ribbon counter, and ponder on your superior position to that of the cash-boy who answers your call, send him out and buy a PUCK. Then cut this out, and paste it in your hat.

J. P. Denison.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

I DREAMED her heart with love was touched
Last Summer when I met her;
But now in town she knows me not,
And so I know her better!

MUCH CRY.

MRS. GADSBY.—Oh, it's such tiresome work shopping, Pip. I've been dragging around Lacy's store from one department to the other all day long, and I'm just tired out. What is it, Norah?

NORAH.—It's the things from Lacy's Mum; the bye just left 'em.

SURE DEATH.

AUS DER OHM.—The law respecting electrical executions is all right. There's no use in changing the law; all that should be changed is the method of administering the shock.

VAN VOLT.—How would *you* have it done?

AUS DER OHM.—Send the condemned man out to repair dead wires.

NO CHANCE FOR DOUBT.

AMERICAN STATESMAN (viewing New York harbor).—What vessel is that out yonder, an ocean steamer?

BOATMAN.—No; that's only a coaster — runs to Squedunk, or some sich place.

AMERICAN STATESMAN.—How do you know?

BOATMAN.—She flies the American flag.

HE 'LL WALK SPANISH IN '93.

"What a peculiar gait the President has!"
"Yes; sort of family carriage."

MARKET PRICES.

HUSBAND.—How were prices in market to-day?

WIFE.—Same as usual. Some things a cent lower, and other things ten cents higher.

BEEN THERE.

"How much will it cost me to go to the races?"

"How much have you got?"

"About seventy-five dollars."

"Well!"

IF.

AUNT MARY.—Poor Bess, does your tooth ache yet? If it were mine, dear, I'd have it out at once.

BESS.—If it were yours? Well, Auntie, so would I!

ETERNAL STARVATION is the price of liberty since the McKinley bill became a law.

Ex parte — WARD McALLISTER.

THERE IS AN "if" to every question. But the great size of the if to the tariff question is shown by the extra "f."

THE PURIFYING QUALITIES of charcoal are hardly illustrated by the language of a man who absently picks up and chews the burnt end of a match in mistake for a clove.





II.

Chiefly about Snakes.

ON THE Parkersburg division of the Picturesque B. and O. the conductor took an interest in me, mayhap because I looked young and tired and homesick and inexperienced.

"Those mountains," he said, pointing from the window, "are covered with rattlesnakes; you can't walk the roads or paths of a warm day without stepping on a few of them."

To this day I can not understand why he wished to draw my thoughts to such a disagreeable subject. He had no cause to believe that I was interested in snakes.

"What is the popular West Virginia remedy for the bite of a rattlesnake?" I asked.

"A pint of whiskey, to be taken at a single dose and as soon as possible after the snake has got in its work."

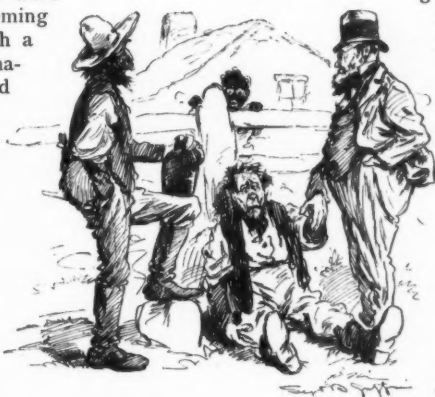


This man had unnecessarily alarmed me. He had called my thoughts from pleasant things and introduced mountains full of snakes. It was a great shock to me in my thin and nervous condition. How did I know that two or three rattlesnakes would not

crawl out of the boots of the passenger who had got on at the last station, now sitting in front of me, and want to be unduly sociable? I grew extremely nervous.

But the conductor had been kind enough to name a specific, and I had a bottle of it in my gripsack. I went away in the corner of the car, where none could notice my agitation, and drank it. Then I felt reassured. A half-pint of preventive is worth a gallon of cure, according to the best medical authorities I have consulted. In a country teeming with rattlesnakes, and with a bottle of old snake-bite panacea in my gripsack, it would have been an act of sheer foolhardiness to wait till I was bit.

"Speaking of snakes," said the passenger from Serpenville, settling himself in a comfortable position on the car seat, "reminds me of Tom Hawkinson's adventure with a moccasin. Tom was as straight as a string and as good a neighbor as any man ever had, and the easiest swearer in the country. Some people said he swore hard, but I never could see that he did. Seems to me



he swore easier than any other person I ever knew; swearing was just mere recreation to him. But, bless your souls! Tom was n't a wicked man; his swearing was mere habit. And he was white, he was; no person who went to him for a favor was turned away empty handed.

"One day a little nigger came running full tilt over to my place and yelling that 'Massa Hawkinson was bit by a moccasin snake.' I grasped my quart jug, which was pretty near full of good old snake-bite medicine, and rode over to the scene of trouble. When I got there Tom was in considerable agony, and scared, too, for the bite was a tolerably bad one. He'd run his hand into a fodder-stack for something or other, and the moccasin, which was taking a snooze in the fodder, had set its teeth on his hand.

"I got five or six drinks of my antidote into him before the doctor turned up. He saw right away that Tom was coming round all right, but he wanted to have some fun, and so he let on to Tom that the case seemed sort of hopeless.

"'Tom,' he said, winking at me, 'you may pull through—as long as there's life there's hope, as Esculapius used to say,—but it seems to me that inflammation has already set in on your ante bellum, and if so, there's not one chance for you in a thousand. You may go off into a comatose condition at any moment, and I'd advise you to do a little praying while there's yet time.'

"'Well,' says Tom, heaving a deep sigh and looking toward the jug, 'I've never been much of a prayin' man, myself, but I reckon I can pray on this occasion if I try. Jest gimme another swig outen that black jug, an' I'll see what I can do.'

"I poured till he said 'hold,' and then he wet up his inwards with another dose of the antidote.

"'As I said afore,' he resumed, as I took the glass out of his hand, 'I ain't much on the pray, boys, an' you'll have to excuse my style, but a pusson that's in my condition's got to do somethin'; so here goes'—and then he let loose as follows:

"'O Lord! I've alwa's been an honest, square man, an' paid my just debts, an' voted the Dimocrat ticket; an' now to be killed in my fifty-fust year by a blankity-blank moccasin snake is too blank-blankity-blank bad fur anything.'

"It's hardly necessary to add, gentlemen, that Tom survived."

Scott Way.

"JOHN," asked the Sunday-school teacher of the new scholar, "what do you know of the proverb regarding people who live in glass houses?"

"They orter pull down the blinds."

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

AGASSIZ SAID OF CORONADO BEACH, SAN DIEGO CO., CALIFORNIA: "A CLIMATE THAT HAS NO EQUAL." WRITE TO E. S. BABCOCK, JR., FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET. 607

THE FOOT-BALL GIRL.

I passed my arm around her waist,
And drew her to my side,
Clasping her close in eager haste:
"Well tackled, sir!" she cried.

HOW TO GET AHEAD OF YOUR OWN SHADOW
—Face the Light.

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY.

His Sympathetic Nature and His Early Misfortunes.

Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life, were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose.

Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathetic and kindly nature. These strong characteristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emergency which Lincoln, in the providence of God, was called to meet, no vessel of common clay could possibly have become the "chosen of the Lord."

Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner in the grocery business at Salem, was "Uncle" Billy Green, of Tallula, Ill., who used at night, when the customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons.

It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge; and he, in return, offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and the tears runnin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, an' I'd say, 'Abe, don't cry'; an' he'd look up an' say: 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

There are many who can sympathize with this overpowering grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's a fallin' on her." What adds poignancy to the grief some times is the thought that the lost one might have been saved.

Fortunate, indeed, is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who after careful examination, pronounced it disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do, did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improve. When she commenced taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but to-day she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

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"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in **BALDNESS.**"

"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

It is pure, mild, curative, and the ideal toilet soap. Physicians recommend its use as a preventive of, and remedy for dandruff, itching, baldness, and skin diseases. Invaluable to travelers. 25 cents. All Drugists, or THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

Sample, 10 cents, stamps. Mention Puck.

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IN GREAT DEMAND

IT IS MADE FROM THE BEST MATERIALS
AND WILL DO ITS WORK.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
NO TROUBLE NO BOILING
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF
EVERY THE AGE. HAVE IT.
FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TINS.
76¢ PER CAN.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MANFS. PHILADELPHIA.

MARRYING rich widows, like drinking liquor, is often done solely for the "effects."—*Texas Siftings.*

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FOR BOYS
FOR MISSES
FOR GENTLEMEN

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\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and styl-
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railroad men, farmers, etc.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.
\$3 & \$2 SHOES FOR LADIES,
have been most favorably received since introduced.
Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send di-
rect to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for
order blanks. **W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.**

NOT FEBRUARY.

TEACHER.—Which is the shortest month of
the year?

SMALL BOY.—Orgust.

TEACHER.—August?

SMALL BOY.—Yes'm. That's the last month
of vacation.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

MRS. FANGLE.—How do you like your new
maid, Mrs. Jingle?

MRS. JINGLE.—Oh, she'd be all right if she
were not so over-refined.

"In what way?"

"She never breaks anything but the most
costly Dresden china."—*St. Joseph News.*

THE SEASON OPENED.

MRS. DE STYLE.—Dear me! What a lot of
society news you've got hold of—even to a full
description of Miss Tiptop's Paris trousseau!
Where did you hear it all?

MISS DE STYLE.—At the symphony concert.
—*New York Weekly.*

ONE OF THE THINGS WE ARE APT TO GRUMBLE AT IN FRANCE,

The providing of ones own soap at hotels!

Permit me to remark that this is one of
those things

THEY DO MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE
than we do here. I am strongly of opinion that
every one when travelling should carry his or
her own soap as one takes ones own hair-brush
or sponge. It is much more cleanly, and there
can be no better providing in this respect for the
hot sun and warm winds and dust of travel
than a cake of

"PEARS"

which, under such circumstances, I have found
very efficient in the prevention of sunburn and
allied annoyances.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

Lecturer on Health and Physiology under the
"Combe Trust;" Editor of "Health."



BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

At no time during life is there a period when a man can derive no
benefit from a dose of **Beecham's Pills**. Boys who look upon the
apple when it is green find a staunch friend in them. Military, sporting and
club men, with a fondness for good living, and, in fact, all persons who
know the value of good health, and are acquainted with the merits of these
Pills, are never without them. They are an essential safeguard to every
proper and well-regulated life. Taken as directed, **Beecham's Pills** will
quickly restore females to complete health. For

**SICK HEADACHE, WEAK STOMACH, CONSTIPATION,
IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER,
AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES,**

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PILLS edge of appetite, and arousing with the **Rosebud of Health** the whole physical energy of the human
frame. These "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the
Nervous and Debilitated is that **Beecham's Pills** have the **Largest Sale of any Patent**
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Agents for the United States, who, if your druggist does not keep them, **WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON**
RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX. But inquire first. Mention this paper.

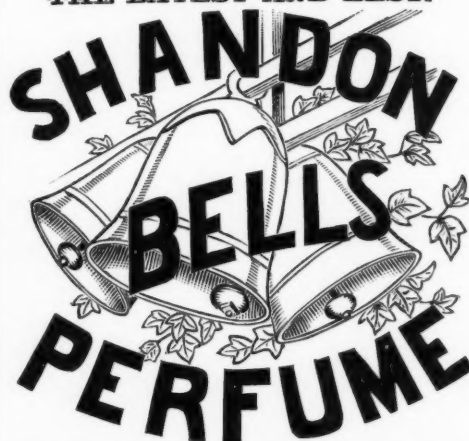
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Its name is not
so much of an exag-
geration as such
names usually are.
Piano, Banquet and
Table sizes.

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your Lamp dealer for it
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Lamp Co., 38 Park Place,
N.Y., for more informa-
tion.

THE LATEST AND BEST.



DELICATE, DELIGHTFUL, LASTING AND ECONOMICAL.
Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used
you will have no other.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

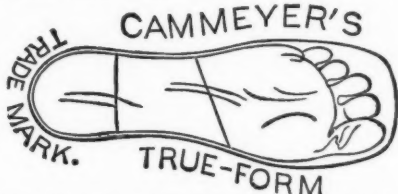
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of Denver or west of New York. Suit-
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BECAUSE
YOU NEVER USED

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RANDOM RURAULETS

from the Highland, (N. Y.,) Southern Ulster.

Coronel David S. Dickenson took unto himself a wife Monday morning a lady from Pokeepsie Mrs. Miller, and the Highland band seranaded them at the Grooms home near the river side school house the sheet iron tin horn band was out in full numbers, they wer out side and the others in the house.

The Mink howllow Clubs South and North were there,

The Highland band had to give in and stay in the house, and keep the windows closed one man says they were 4 thousand on the grounds, and they had all the out buildings and old blacksmith shop crook and corner were filled to over flowing, and they had a "ho go away what a time" I could not express or explain.

The noise was terrific aud fierce to behold,
For a young couple to get married in this town.

Editor of the Ulster our neice and husbanb

The best regulator of the digestive organs, also best appetizer known, is Angostura Bitters, the genuine of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

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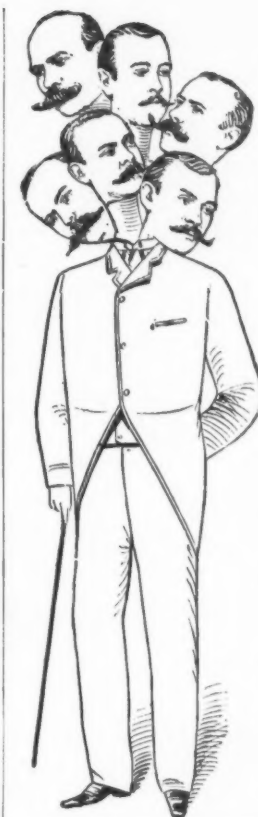
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Mr. & Mrs. George Shaffer from Rhinebeck on Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Miller has been visiting the fair. She had a nice time, but the weather was not very nice.

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All wool and fast colors. They are in great demand. Leave your orders early.

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A PURE, FRAGRANT, NON-GRITTY TOOTH POWDER, WHITENS THE TEETH, PREVENTS AND ARRESTS DECAY, HARDENS THE GUMS AND SWEETENS THE BREATH. ASK DRUGGISTS FOR ROWLAND'S ODONTO, OF 30 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, ENGLAND. 705

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FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE: Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, 40 engravings, no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, (TRADE MARK.) 9 East 14th Street, New York.

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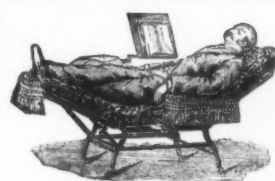
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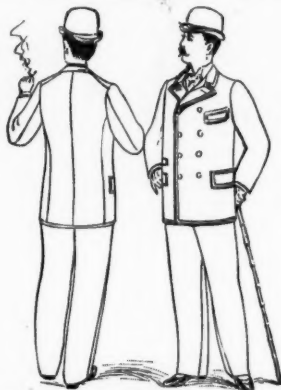
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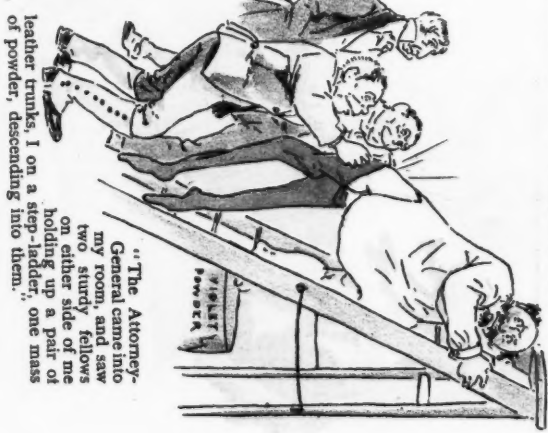
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